THE EMERALD

AND BALTIMORE LITERARY GAZETTE.

MILLE TRAHENS VARIOS ADVERSO SOLE COLORES.

OL. I. BALTIMORE....SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1828. NO. 35.

ORIGINAL.

A paragraph has been the rounds of all our newspa- extracted from "Walsh's journey from Constantino- giving a brief and incorrect account of the Holy dard of Mohammed. The following article, we e no hesitation in declaring to be a true description of t celebrated banner, which is now unfurled in the se of the Prophet. It was first published in an early mber of the Emerald, when its circulation was very lim- d: and the presumption is, that it has never been copied o any other paper. Our subscribers will not therefore me us for republishing it at this time, when the public nd is so deeply engaged in the affairs of the Danube, t every thing relating to them is considered valuable. at proper confidence may be placed in the truth of the lowing paper, it may be well to mention that it was itten by the late George Bethune English, who was re familiar with Turkish manners and customs, and bet- acquainted with the politics, the institutions, and the l state of affairs in Turkey, than any foreigner who written concerning that country. For a long time he ke the language of the Turk, wore the Turkish habit, d mingled freely with every class of people at Constan- ple.—ED.

THE SANDJEAK SHERIF,
OR, SACRED STANDARD OF MOHAMMED.

Since the affairs of the East have created great interest this country, our newspapers have more than once made ntion of the "Standard of Mohammed." I have there- thought it probable that a description and short histo- f this most extraordinary palladium, or rather symbol Islamism, might be acceptable to the public. I call it t extraordinary, for it certainly is so, since nothing alel to it has ever existed. Its antiquity dates from Hegira, i. e. twelve hundred and forty-four years ago. as been carried victoriously over Arabia, Palestine, pt, Syria, Asia Minor, Persia, Khorassan, and even to frontiers of Ind a on the east, and over Hungary, Po- d, Austria, to the very walls of Vienna on the west; and ng the vicissitudes of, it is said, more than four hun- d battles, has never been profaned by the touch of an my.

s origin was as singular as its history has been re- rkable. According to Mohammedan history, it hap- ed in the following manner: "After Mohammed had concealed for three days in a cave near Mecca, togeth- with Abu Bekir and his son Abdallah, (says the histo- *Ahmed Efendy,*) he quitted his retreat on the fourth, followed by his two faithful companions, took the d to Medina, working at every step new miracles. His enance alone astonished and dispersed various par- of the Koreish, [i. e. his fellow-citizens of Mecca, o had plotted to assassinate him, which had occasion- his flight,] who with arms in their hands sought him al sides. Some missed him—some fled from him; rs, enlighted by the first words he addressed to them, t his knees, embraced his doctrine, and followed him dina. Of this number was Buriédé Schmy, who sent in pursuit of him at the head of seventy Mecans. From a cruel enemy this officer became one of his most zealous partisans.* In the ecstacy of his joy. Schmy unwound the shawl of his turban, attached it to his lance, and made of it a banner, which he consecrated to the glory of the prophet. This was the first standard of Islamism. The standard bearers of all the Mussalman monarchs have since held it as an honour to decorate themselves with the name of *Schmy*, as having been the first standard bearer of the celestial apostle." So says the historian.

During the life time of Mohammed, his generals alone carried the military standards, the delivery of which into their hands was the symbol of investiture. They fought each at the head of his troops, the standard in one hand, and the scimitar in the other. In the first expedition, that of Beder, made by Mohammed in person two years after his flight from Mecca, Hamza, his uncle, carried his banner; and after him Ali, his son-in-law, had the same honour on the day of the conquest of Mecca, and the triumphal entry of Mohammed into that first of the Mussalman cities. After his death, Abu Bekir, his successor, showed great honour to this sacred banner. When he sent his armies into Syria, he delivered the sacred standard into the hands of his general *Ussame*, with great ceremony, and to show his respect for it, accompanied his officer for some distance on foot, walking by the side of his horse. "This trait of humility, (says history,) these demonstrations of respect for the sacred flag under which the Mussalmans ought to march in the way of the Lord to combat the enemies of the faith, increased extremely the love and veneration of the people for this first of the Khaliphs."

Since his time, and under the reigns of his successors, it was carried into battle by one of the generals or chief officers of the army, and has always been reverenced under the title of *Sandjeak Sherif*. It has passed successively from the hands of the four first successors of Mohammed to the Ommaides who reigned at Damascus, from them to the Abassides of Bagdad and Cairo, and finally to the Ottoman Emperors, since the conquest of Egypt under Selim the first.

The Sandjeak Sherif, in its present state, is rolled up in another flag which was used by the Khaliph Omar; the two are enclosed in forty coverings of silk, and the whole enveloped in a sort of sheath of green cloth. In the midst of these envelopes are deposited a small copy of the Koran, written, as is believed, by the hand of Omar, the companion and second successor of Mohammed, and one silver key of the sanctuary of the temple at Mecca—the same that was presented to Selim I. by the Sheriff of Mecca, in sign of homage and submission. The sacred flag, thus enveloped, is twelve feet long, and is surmounted by a sort of pommel of silver, *square* in form, which encloses another copy of the Koran, written by the hand of the Khaliph Osman, the secretary and third successor of Mohammed.

This standard, with its lance or staff, is preserved in a gorgeous chapel in the palace of the Ottoman Emperor, where are also preserved some other relics of Mohammed; such as two of his teeth which an arrow struck out of his mouth at the battle of Ohod, where he exclaimed, "how can that people prosper who have covered the face of the apostle of the Most High with blood, because he invited them to worship God alone?"—words which roused his followers to the most furious enthusiasm; and also a coarse cloak of a sort of camblet, which he wore when he entered Mecca and purged it of idols, and dedicated it anew to the worship of the God of Abraham and the prophets. This chapel is a favourite place of worship with the Ottoman Emperors.

It has been the custom, till the recent insurrection of the Janissaries, that the Standard of Mohammed should never be carried from the Seraglio, i. e. the palace of the Grand Seignor, except when the Grand Vizier, or the Sultan in person, heads the army of the Empire. Then a superb tent is erected especially to contain the sacred banner. Attached to its lance, it is placed upon a frame of ebony wood, adorned with circles of silver, into which the flag staff is passed. At the end of every campaign it is carried back to the chapel before mentioned, is detached from its lance, and deposited in a coffer most richly ornamented. When taken out, and when deposited, solemn ceremonies are practised; the Sultan and the Grandees of the Empire are present; prayers are said, and perfumes of the most costly description are burnt with profusion.

In war, forty standard bearers are especially appointed to carry it, relieving each other in succession. All the possessors of military fiefs, called *zaims*, in the Empire, are obliged to defend it with their lives. All the cavalry of the army must particularly attend to its preservation, and four regiments, called *the four regiments*, in Turkish "Beuluk-keath-Erbea," are appointed for its guard, not to mention a crowd of Emirs, i. e. descendants of Mohammed, who always accompany it as volunteers, and who have frequently sacrificed themselves by thousands in protecting it.

Such is a brief history and description of the famous Banner of Mohammed, whose appearance only like that of

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* Mussalman history gives, if I recollect aright, the account of the conversion of this man as follows:—He was one of the best horsemen in Arabia, and set out from Mecca at the head of seventy companions, in pursuit of Mohammed when he fled from that city. As soon as he got sight of him he put his horse to his speed, and placed his spear at the charge, intending to drive it through his body. In coming near, the horse, from some cause or other, made a sudden and violent movement, and threw his rider to the ground. The man was so much struck by this, as he considered, supernatural intervention in behalf of Mohammed, that kneeling down he pronounced the profession of Islamism. "I declare, that there is no other God but God, and that Mohammed is his Apostle," (or missionary, or envoy.) Mohammed, in reply, told him, that he would be more convinced of the truth of his mission, when he should see the royal bracelets of the great king of Persia clasped upon his own arms. This extraordinary prediction of the fugitive and endangered Mohammed, Mussulman history says was actually fulfilled. Several years after the death of Mohammed, was fought the great battle of Kadesia, which decided the fate of Persia; and the disciples of Zoroaster. The king fled, and to avoid being recognized, abandoned his regal insignia; they were found by pursuers, and brought to the camp of the victorious Mussalmen. The whole army was put in array, and the man above mentioned was summoned from the ranks, when the commander, with great solemnity, clasped the royal bracelets of the great king upon the arms of the soldier, while a hundred thousand men rent the air with shouting "God is most great! and his prophet is true." Such is the story, false or otherwise.

Virgil's Neptune, can hush the waves of an ocean of insurrection, and from China to Tangier can invoke several hundred millions of our fellow-creatures to die in its defence.

FOR THE EMERALD.

The office of a President of the United States, of a Roman Consul, and of an hereditary Prince, considered.

GOVERNMENT is, in its nature, imperfect. It is, in every form, a positive evil, though, unquestionably, a necessary and a useful one. As it can never become a good, in itself, all that the most perfect constitution can propose to effect, is the greatest possible diminution of the unavoidable evil, consistently with the prevention of those evils, to counterbalance which, it is created. In what degree does each of the three offices before us, attain this object?

The office of an hereditary sovereign, is attended with the greatest amount of inherent evil, inasmuch as it usually has the greatest power of constraint, over the will and conduct of its subjects. It is felt quite near to every one of them. It is a jealous power, which keeps a steady watch over words and actions, and meddles with the every day business of life. The Prince shall say, perhaps—It is necessary for my safety, and consequently for the quiet of the state, that not more than a score of men shall be together in one place; that people shall read no books, but such as I shall authorize; shall not pursue some particular business; shall occasionally give an account of their employments; shall cry out, on particular occasions, "*Vive le Roi*," and shall never utter, in public, the dread word *Revolution*. These are the things that vex men, because their use is very hard to be found out, and because they are always in the way. A man who would not shrink at the surgeon's knife, may fret and fume at a smoky fire.

But these may be, perhaps, only occasional abuses of an institution, in itself useful, and essential to a tranquil administration. It will be affirmed, that as more wars and fightings come from disputes for the sovereignty, than from all other causes united, so a fixed rule of succession, veiling the throne from the view of ambition, will guard the nation more effectually than any other institution, from the horrors of civil war. What say you then of Cyrus and Artaxerxes'—What of Charles and Lewis?—Of William and Harold?—Of the White Rose and the Red?—What of Elizabeth and Mary, or of Louis the Sixteenth? Where was there ever a fixed rule of succession, too stout for ambition to wrest, or too firmly rooted for talent to pluck up?

But grant that the hereditary claim will always, for the future, be respected. Allow that George is to sit in the seat of George for ever—that Paul, and Alexander, and Nicholas are to hold each his father's iron rod, without dispute from any rival, or from any refractory slave—shall the nations then take a king by chance? Shall they lie down, patiently to be devoured, if it please Jupiter to send them a stork king—or shall they live without government, if king log be decreed them? Nay, but the sovereign cometh not by chance. The throne will not even have a fair lot from among the body of the people. The kingling is spoiled from his cradle. He is clothed in silk, and fed with dainties, and flattered by slaves, educated by lectures, never troubled with Lexicons in school, or battles on the play ground—his energies stagnated, his blood corrupted by sloth, his spirit grown drowsy for want of the struggles of common life—Oh this is a glorious master for a nation. Give me the stirring soul of the ambitious man, to uphold a nation's dignity and power. Give me the talent which has raised itself above its fellows, to fill the highest place. If I must have a master, give me one whom I may acknowledge as my superior in mental power, or, at the very least, one whom I shall not look upon with contempt.

The office of a Roman Consul, though much more reasonable in its nature, was deficient in many of the requisites of a good government. The Consul had not sufficient power to repress faction, though there was no other constitutional authority, which could supply the defect. The extraordinary expedient of a Dictator, and the occasional decree, "*ne quid detrimenti*," show, very plainly, this great defect of the institution.

Nor were his duties sufficiently defined. Too much room was left for construction, and for occasionally overstepping the dimly-defined line of authority—And thus the state was subject to that great principle of tyranny, uncertainty in the law. From the frequency of elections, too much attention was unavoidably transferred from affairs of state, to the perpetration of individual supremacy. These are some of the most obvious defects of the institution. There are others, at which I can only hint, arising from the military command which followed—the want of responsibility, caused by the elevation of the Consul above the people, independently of his office—by his patrician rank, and the facility of corruption—not to mention the right of proposing laws, for which a partial veto, on those already passed, might be substituted with advantage.

Of the office of President, there is little to be said. In its theory, there are few blemishes. It appears to have just enough of power, to insure the safety of the state, and not enough to endanger it. Its duties are well defined, except in the case of the treaty-making power; and the other members of the govrenment have sufficient authority, to insure a proper limitation of prerogative. Experience has not shown any defect in its operation. Some faults will, doubtless, appear in time—but until great defects are exposed, we may rest satisfied, and grateful to those who have given us this ruler, rather than a king.

HORATIO.

FOR THE EMERALD.

LOVE IN A PICKLE.

"Dum nimia pia est, facta est impia."

During my peregrinations over the upper shires of Scotland, I had occasion to make a short stay at ——, a small village in Inverness. I had rambled day after day over flowing fields;—held communion, while evening spread its gray mantle over the earth with "elfins green and spirits light," amidst the towering summits which frowned upon the thatched dwelling in which I resided, and watched the moon beams as they glistened upon the bosom of Loch Ness; yet all the witchery imparted to the bosoms of those whose visits to the Highlands were prompted by curiosity alone, seemed lost on me, for I thought of my home, my dear, delightful home.

My movements would have passed heavily along, had not a little adventurer awakened my energies by scattering the gossamer of mirth into the bosom of solitude. Every morning I sat at my window to catch a glimpse of a young dairy maid, who passed by with a bucket of milk, and whose cherry cheeks and tempting lips completely realized the ideas I had so often formed of a highland beauty.

In the course of time she was able to translate the language of my eyes, and doubly eloquent were the answers of her own. I often thought to myself if she would only let her bucket of milk fall, what a complete edition it would make of "Kate of Coleraine." Exhilarated by the success I had met with so far, I enquired her name and residence, and found that she lived with a protestant parson, who besides preaching the doctrines of the gospel, carried on an extensive farm.

One Sunday morning I was very much surprised at finding myself opening the gate of the parsonage, while the old gentleman with his lady was at the kirk admonishing his little flock, and walking in as free and easy as if it had been my home. What could have brought me there? I believe it was to beg a bowl of fresh buttermilk and so proceeded toward the house. There was, it is true, a little confusion and embarrassment excited on both sides at my unexpected entry, but it soon wore off, and the pretty lassie, like another Hebe, replenished another bowl of buttermilk. I never drank so much in all my life, as I did on that day; so completely surfeited was I that I have disliked buttermilk ever since. It is said that "much falls between the cup and lip;" the adage failed this time, for so quick was the succession of bowls that there was no time left for reflection, as I only drank to have an excuse for remaining. Now and then a word from my Hebe drove away my embarrassment, but then the tormenting silence that would intervene!

Love, unluckily, is so reckless of danger that his wings have often been frost bitten by lingering too long at the gates of his paradise. Just as the chat began to be most interesting, we were aroused by the worthy pastor and his wife thundering at the door and demanding admittance. What was to be done? The last resort (i. e. the back door) was locked, and to leap from either of the windows would be to leap into the jaws of the lion. "For Heaven's sake," said I, "cram me into some hole, chimney, trunk, band box!—any where, I would not have the parson catch me here for the world."

"Dinna mak sic a noise," answered she, "tak yersel' intil the muckle churn an' deel a mon will ken you're there." In I jumped, while she continued, "Now dinna speak an' you're safe." Hereupon she put on the lid and I was left in total darkness.

In this situation I overheard all that passed. The pastor and his wife were let in, the latter not without scolding the poor girl for keeping them so long at the door; the excuse she gave was that she was asleep, and all was settled. The old lady then told her maid that she must immediately put the milk into the large churn and go to work, for it was expected there would be a scarcity of butter in a little while, and that they had better make the best of their time.

"Lud ma'am," said my Hebe, "ye wad na' brak the sabbath?" "Brak the subbath! ye jade; there's no harm in warking on Sunday, when we ken we munna do without it. Put the cream intil the churn, I say!" The maid then asked if the small churns would not do. "Not a whit, not a whit, lassie! the muckle churn will work mair."

"I ha' always been reared to keep the sabbath holy ma'am." "Tut,—tut," replied the dame as the parson entered, "here, sair, I canna get the jade to gang ta work 'cause it is a sunday, an' ye ken there'll be a lack o' butter." "Hoot toot! lassie," cried the parson, "hoot toot! dinye think if I got my mare i' th' bog this mornin', that I wad na' tak' her out 'cause it is a sunday? Out upon ye' gang an' mak' your'e butter I say."

All the entreaties of the distressed girl were in vain, and she was obliged to do the bidding of her superiors. I sat in the churn resigned to my fate, when splash came on my unlucky head a pail full of milk. I held my breath until it passed, and then breathed again, hoping it would be the last; but no, in came another, and another!—Then I sat up to my chin in milk—one bucket more and I should be a drowned man! What was to be done?—this fall "from the frying pan into the fire" had so dislodged my wits that I felt quite at a loss how to save myself. At length

my good stars favoured me; just as the deadly fourth was impending over my head, I leaped up to the top of the churn, all besmeared with cream, shaking myself, and making the most diabolical faces the human visage could form.—"Make no more butter, O sinner!" shouted I. It had the desired effect: the maid favoring the trick screamed out that the de'el was in the milk, and ran up stairs. The pastor and his wife scampered into the kitchen, rolling head and heels over each other, while I made a sortie from the nearest window.

A story got among the pastor's superstitious flock, that the devil had arisen from the churn and accused him of breaking the sabbath; and the good man never attempted again to make butter on a Sunday. THE WANDERER.

SELECTED.

A FRAGMENT.

The evening before the happy day that was to bless me with the hand of Clara, I stood on the back piazza of father's country seat, viewing the starry firmament, and admiring the order and beauty of the objects around me. The clear, serene air, the moon shining with all her splendour, as though endeavouring to rival the king of day—the cloudless and bespangled heavens, the romantic scenery around, all seemed to accord with the present state of my mind, and to allure me forth to feast myself in meditations on the morrow. Such an influence had these circumstances, as well as my own thoughts over me, that I had unconsciously strayed much further than I had at first intended, and when I began to collect my thoughts, I found myself on the skirts of a forest, which extended some distance along the back ground of my father's habitation. Fearing my absence might create alarm, I turned hastily to depart, when my purpose was arrested by a gentle blast of wind, which bore to my ears the sound of human voices. At first I thought it only the effect of my heated imagination, or the sound produced by the wind playing among the leaves of the trees. I however determined to be convinced on this point. No sooner had I made this determination, than I again heard the sound of voices, and now no longer doubting the fact, I determined to discover from whence they proceeded. With this intention I advanced cautiously forward, keeping my eyes steadily directed toward the quarter from whence the sounds still continued to issue. I had proceeded but a few steps, when, on turning a small copse, which concealed the objects of my search from my view, the moon shown full upon two persons engaged in earnest conversation, the one of whom I easily distinguished to be a female. I now advanced with still greater caution, in hopes of finding out the subject of so mysterious an interview. I could not call to my recollection the face of the person who first met my view, though his countenance seemed familiar to me. But who can describe my feelings when I distinctly recognised in the female the well known features of my beloved Clara. I could not believe my own eyes. "It cannot be," thought I, "it must be some enchantment. Could it be possible that it were the modest, the unassuming Clara, who knew no deceit, and who was all simplicity and candour." But in a moment my apprehensions were confirmed, when the soft, mild tones of her voice fell upon my ears. Surely both my senses could not be deceived. My blood boiled within me at the sight—my first impulse was to rush suddenly upon them—but, upon further reflection, I determined to await the result of the interview, in hopes of getting some explanation. Suppressing, with difficulty, my violent and conflicting passions, I listened with breathless anxiety and eager ears, to catch every sound that escaped their lips. At intervals I could distinguish single words, but the wind rustling among the leaves, prevented me from making out any whole sentence. I now began to be impatient, when the stranger, whose actions had been all along cool and deliberate, and who seemed to be urging a suit, with which the other party was reluctant to comply, raised his voice to a higher pitch, his gestures became more impassioned, and his countenance beamed with inexpressible tenderness, and I distinctly heard these words—"Dear Clara, will you neglect this golden opportunity? O! fly with me—delay not—remember to-morrow, and all is lost." At these words, and casting one despairing glance at the lovely form of Clara, he was about to depart, when his steps were arrested by the soft voice of the fair female—"Stay," she cried, "I will, I will go with you." When the stranger heard these words, his countenance lighted up with joy—he seized the hand of the speaker, kissed it passionately, and with hasty and light steps, turned to depart, gently drawing after him the trembling Clara. But far different were my feelings during this scene. Throughout the whole I endeavoured, with all my efforts, to keep within bounds my impetuous temper. I saw, with comparative coolness, the impassioned actions of the stranger—I heard their conversation without betraying any very violent emotion—but when I saw them turn to depart, I could no longer restrain my fury; it seemed as though my passion had been only restrained to burst forth with the greater violence. Maddening with rage, and blinded by passion, I rushed upon them just as they were about to retire—I seized the arm of the stranger, and held it with an iron grasp. On my first appearance Clara shrieked aloud, and fell senseless to the ground, and the stranger stood mute with astonishment, and seemed chained to the spot. Profiting by this opportunity, and unconscious of what I was doing, I grasped the stranger round the body, and succeeded in securing his arms to his sides. In a moment, however, I perceived my situation, and saw that my strength would soon fail—my antagonist, too, was aware of this, and patiently waited until he felt his arms gradually relaxing, when he made a desperate and effectual effort, and succeeded in loosening one of his hands from my grasp, and, in a moment after, I felt the cold steel piercing my very heart. I awoke from my dream!—but conceive my astonishment, when I found my arms firmly clasped around one of the posts of my bedstead, my hands clenched, my teeth set, my eyes staring wildly at some imaginary object, and cold drops of sweat rolling down my flushed and burning cheeks! Exhausted with the exertion I had undergone, I fell to the floor, where I lay a long time before I could collect my distracted and scattered senses. When my recollection returned to me, I crawled to my bed as well as I could in the dark, but my dream had left too deep an impression on my mind to allow me to close my eyes in sleep. Indeed, methinks, even now I still hear the tender and pathetic voice of the stranger, and the mild tones of Clara—methinks I still feel the dagger's point piercing my heart—in short I seem again to realize the whole scene of that night.

THE HONEY MOON.

JOURNAL KEPT BY MR. SAMUEL SNACKS.

Monday, April 1---All fools day. Quite otherwise with me, who in this auspicious day have done the only wise thing I ever did, viz: taken unto myself a wife. After the ceremony, the happy couple, (Mrs. Snacks and myself,) set off in a chaise and four for Ramsgate. Journey delightful; how could it be otherwise? Thought I never saw my Amanda look so divine; Canova's Venus seems modelled from her; the same deep languishing eye; the same clustering ringlets; the same snowy voluptuous bosom; the same---Oh what a lucky dog I am!

Tuesday, 2—Evening: overwhelmed by the tumult of my thoughts. Felt quite young again, (by the by I am only 50 after all) and indited the following letter to my friend Tomkins of the Temple:

"Dear Tom, burn your books and marry. Marry immediately, my old boy. Nothing like matrimony: it is paradise itself, pure, genuine, and unsophisticated." Read my note to Amanda, imprinted on her soft cheek a husband's tenderest kiss, and sat down to a hot supper.

Wednesday, 3.—Indulged in a pensive stroll along the sea-shore, filled with connubial ecstacy. Thought of Thompson's exquisite lines on domestic bliss. "Oh, happy they," &c. I need scarcely add that my Amanda accompanied me in this ramble, with her ringlets waving like gossamer to the wind, over her sweet countenance. Enchanting girl! She wants nothing of an angel but the wings.

Thursday, 4.—How genuine, how lasting is domestic bliss! Study has its advantages, but compared with the ecstacies of Hymen, it is nothing, absolutely nothing. Middleton and Milton I remember, both speak with enthusiasm "of wedded love." Gibbon frequently alludes to it as "the most tender of human connexions." Johnson says "that there is no happiness without it;" and indeed all authors who are good for any thing are loud in its praise. By the Roman law, however, a wife was expressly called "a thing," a part of the domestic furniture, which might be sold by her husband, so that on making a catalogue of his goods he might thus enumerate them: Lot No. 1, four sofas, two tables, three pillow cases, one wash tub, a wife, and a bed candlestick. Only conceive a wife, (my Amanda for instance) placed side by side with a wash tub!

Friday, 5.—Of all jokes, the most absurd are those launched against the women, and wives in particular. For this reason I am resolved, should my Amanda ever bless me with children, to prevent them learning the Eaton Latin Grammar, from its observing in one of the rules of syntax, that "the masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine," &c. *Monstrous violation both* of grammar and gratitude!

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Sunday, 14.—Continued rain. What a bore is a wet Sunday in the country. Amanda, by the by, said, pleasantly enough, that wet weather might be expected in a watering place. Attended morning church, and enquired of a fat clerk, whether there were any evening service. Lunched by way of amusement. Looked out of the window, and busied myself in counting the eave drops. Thought of my books in Lincoln's Inn. Untied my shoe-strings, in order to tie them up again. Picked my best breeches to pieces, for one must do something.

Mem.—It seems a long time for dinner.

Monday.—Drove over to Margate, Amanda dressed in the extreme of fashion, and full, as usual, of vivacity. Walked together on the fort. Met one capt. Dermont O'Doherty, a long Irishman of Ballyshannon, and a former suitor of my wife, (till he found she had nothing.) Formally introduced to him, and shaken on the spot by a hand as hard as a deal board.

Mem.—Amanda seems much taken with him—but this of course, for the fellow is full of cravat and compliment, and stands six feet high, but about three broad. Can't say I like his looks.

Tuesday, 16.—Received a visit from the long Irishman. Offered Amanda and myself tickets for the Margate Assembly. Kicked her under the table as a hint to decline them. No use, one might as well kick a post. Fellow stayed a full hour, during which Mrs. Snacks never ceased talking. A pert, silly, giggling—but what can you expect from a woman. And yet, notwithstanding, Solomon in his Proverbs, has the assurance to say, "Whoso

findeth a wife, findeth a good thing." Can't say I think so.

Wednesday, 17—I had a tiff with Mrs. Snacks about the long Irishman. In return she called me jealous; shows how little she knows of human nature. How can I be jealous of such an uncouth, raw boned, disjointed jacknapes? Called him so before her face, and got nicknamed an "old frump" in reply.

Mem.—That's all one get's for one's good nature. "Old frump," indeed! Think of that now. I should not mind her calling me a "frump," but "old!" besides, 'tis no such thing, I shall not be fifty till next Michaelmas day. Went to bed in a rage, and dreamed of the long Irishman.

Thursday, 18.—Walked out before breakfast and met the long Irishman. I detest swearing, but damn him what does he mean by it? Dined at three o'clock, and helped twice to cheese by way of something to do. Went half price to the theatre, and at the corner of the stage box hobbled against the long Irishman. Mrs. Snacks smiled on him. I think at least she did; nay, I'll swear she did—I'll take my oath she did—by Heaven she did! conceive what a jack-ass I must have looked.

Friday, 19.—Felt exceedingly awkward about the temples, and dreamed that Mrs. Snacks, like Diana, had turned me into a stag. Received three letters of congratulation on my marriage. Lounged at Laddall's library, and met on my return, the long Irishman in earnest conversation with Mrs. Samuel Snacks. How could Mrs. Snacks imagine it was possible to be jealous of such a wretch! Had a quarrel with her about him, not that I think him worth quarrelling about, and rushed in a rage to the theatre.

Mem.—I forgot to mention that Mrs. Snacks went with me.

Saturday, 20.—Another quarrel. Astonishing Mrs. Snacks can't keep her temper; threatened to fling the best blue sugar basin at my head. What a vixen! But it's no use, I see clearly how it is, I'm a wretch for life. Received a letter of condolence from Tomkins. Replied by return, as follows:—"Dear Tom, if you have not already married, avoid it like the devil—hanging is a mere joke to it."

THRILLING SKETCH.

"A portal of the arena opened, and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was led in, surrounded by the soldiery. The lion roared and ramped against the bars of his den at the sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hands of the Christian, and he was left alone. He drew the mantle from his face, and firmly looked round the amphitheatre. His fine countenance and lofty bearing raised a universal sound of admiration. He might have stood for an Apollo encountering the Python. His eye at last raised to mine. Could I believe my senses! Constantius was before me!

"All my rancor vanished. An hour past I could have struck my betrayer to the heart; I could have called on the severest vengeance of man and heaven to smite the destroyer of my child. But, to see him hopelessly doomed; the man whom I had honoured for his noble qualities, whom I had even loved, whose crime was at the worst but the crime of giving way to the strongest temptation that can bewilder the heart of man; to see this noble creature flung to the savage beast, dying in tortures, torn piecemeal before my eyes, and his misery wrought by me, I would have entreated heaven and earth to save him. But my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. My limbs refused to stir. I would have thrown myself at the feet of Nero: but I sat like a man of stone—pale, paralyzed—the beating of my pulses stopt—my eyes.

"The gate of the den was thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar, and a bound that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air; when it waved again, it was covered with blood. A howl told that the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest from Numedia, and made furious by thirst and hunger, an animal of prodigious power, couched as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward, and sprung at the victim's throat. He was met by a second wound, but his impulse was irresistible, and Constantius was flung upon the ground. A cry of natural horror rang round the amphitheatre. The struggle was now for instant life or death. They rolled over each other; the lion reared upon his hind feet, and, with gnashing teeth and distended talons plunged on the man; again they rose together. Anxiety was now a its wildest height. The sword swung round the champion's head in bloody circles. They fell again covered with blood and dust. The hand of Constantius had grasped the lion's mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not loose the hold; but his strength was evidently giving way; he still struck terrible blows, but each was weaker than the one before: till, collecting his whole force for a last effort, he darted one mighty blow into the lion's throat and sunk. The savage yelled, and spouting out blood, fled howling round the arena. But the hand still grasped the mane and there his conqueror was dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal outcry now arose to save him, if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding from every vein, was still too terrible, and all shrunk from the hazard. At last the grasp gave way, and the body lay motionless upon the ground.

"What happened for some moments after I know not. There was a struggle at the portal; a female forced her way through the guards, rushed in alone, and flung herself upon the victim. The sight of a new prey roused the lion; he tore the ground with his talons; he lashed his streaming sides with his tail; he lifted up his mane, and bared his fangs. But his approach was no longer with a bound: he dreaded the sword, and came snuffing the blood on the sand, and stealing round the body in circuits still diminishing.

"The confusion in the vast assemblage was now extreme. Voices innumerable called for aid. Women screamed and fainted; men burst into indignant clamors at this prolonged cruelty. Even the hard hearts of the populace, accustomed as they were to the sacrifice of life, were aroused to honest curses. Their guards grasped their arms, and waited for a sign from the emperor. But Nero gave no sign.

"I looked upon the woman's face. It was Salome! I sprang upon my feet; I called on her by every feeling of nature to fly from that place of death, to come to my arms, to think of the agonies of all that loved her.

"She had raised the head of Constantius on her knee, and was wiping the pale visage with her hair. At the sound of my voice she looked up, and calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her eyes upon me. She still knelt; one hand supported the head, with the other she pointed to it, as her only answer. I again adjured her. There was the silence of death among the thousands around me. A fire flashed into her eyes—her cheek burned. She waved her hand with an air of superb sorrow.

"I am come to die," she uttered in a lofty tone. 'This bleeding body was my husband. I have no father.—The world contains to me but this clay in my arms. Yet,' and she kissed the ashy lips before her, 'Yet, my Constantius, it was to save that father that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour. It was to redeem him from the hand of evil, that you abandoned your quiet home!—yes, cruel father, here lies the noble being that threw open your dungeon, that lead you safe through the conflagration, that to the last moment of his liberty, only thought how he might preserve and protect you.' Tears at length fell in floods from her eyes. 'But,' said she in a tone of wild power, 'he was betrayed, and may the power whose thunders avenge the cause of his people, pour down just retribution upon the head that dared——!'

"I heard my own condemnation about to be pronounced by the lips of my child. Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair, leaped upon the bars before me, and plunged into the arena by her side. The height stunned me; I tottered a few paces and fell. The lion gave a roar and sprang upon me. I lay helpless under him. I felt his fiery breath—I saw his lurid eye glaring; I heard the gnashing of his white fangs about me.

"An exulting shout arose. I saw him reel as if struck; gore filled his jaws. Another mighty blow was driven to his heart. He sprang high in the air with a howl. He dropped;—he was dead. The amphitheatre thundered with acclamations.

"While Salome was clinging to my bosom, Constantius raised me from the ground. The roar of the lion had roused him from his swoon, and two blows saved me. The falchion was broke in the heart of the monster.—The whole multitude stood up, supplicating for our lives in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared not resist the strength of the popular feeling. He waved a signal to the guards; the portal was opened; and my children, sustaining my feeble steps, and showered with garlands and ornaments from innumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena. *Salathiel.*

THE CLOAK.

"Did I, or Master Dean of Sevil, our neighbour,
E'er reach our dignities in Cuerpo, think'st thou?
In squating hose and doublet? Signor, no;
There went more t'it: There were cloaks, gowns, cassocks,
And other Paramentos."—*Fletcher's Love's Pilgrimage.*

"It is piercingly cold," said I to myself the other day, as I sallied into the park, with my coat buttoned up to my chin, which was smarting under the effect of a sharp frosty wind on its newly shaven surface.—"Confoundedly cold," said I, rather more audibly, as a sudden gust from the north-east compelled me to clap both hands to my hat, and at the same time, sent the spray of the angry serpentine smack in my face.—"Cold!" echoed a voice just behind me—"not at all—fine bracing wind—charming weather for a walk, Jack!" and, turning round, I beheld my quondam schoolfellow, ————, enveloped from head to heel in a dark blue military cloak, of first rate cut and material, its collar of the choicest sable, drawn close round his happy ears, confined in front by a pair of silver lion's paws, and furnished with the usual quota of silk cord and tassel, while sundry of its ample folds were flung in studied negligence over his left shoulder, so as to display the voluptuous black velvet with which it was lined.—I felt colder from the very comparison.—"Why don't you get a cloak, Jack?" chuckled the comfortable looking rascal, as my eye wandered (somewhat invidiously, I confess) from my own little threadbare black coat to the almost regal mantle before me.

"Cloaks are all the rage now, and devilish snug things they are too, I can tell you!" and with the most insulting grin of superiority, he drew its graceful drapery still closer round him, nodded a "good bye," and strode off humming, "Go to the devil, and shake yourself!" —— I was so cold I could almost have followed his advice, impertinently as it was given.

"Cloaks are all the rage now," repeated I mentally, as, resuming my walk, which had been interrupted by the accident, I endeavoured, by rapidity of motion, to make up for the lightness of my attire. I thrust my hand into the pocket of my pantaloons, partly to warm my fingers, and partly to ascertain whether the state of my finances would permit me to become the possessor of this seeming-ly indispensible article of clothing—the dishonoured note of an intimate acquaintance met its convulsive grasp—the answer was decisive.—What a fool was I to lend my money!—I might have guessed it would never be repaid me—and yet the fellow told me so plausible a story—he borrowed it—under a cloak!" In the midst of my vexation I could not help smiling at the idea. 'Cloaks are all the rage now, indeed," continued I; "That puppy was not aware of half the truth of his observation—But the fashion is not a new one."

I finished my walk, and sat down with a keen appetite to my dinner. The beef-steak was terrible tough, and ridiculously dressed, and the stupid old woman who "does for me," had forgotten there was no mustard in the house—I felt quite miserable—I drew my chair close up to the fire—it was as low as my spirits—I snatched up the coal-scuttle in a pet, and flung its contents into the grate, put what the stupid old woman aforesaid calls 'a witch' upon the top of them, and placing my feet upon the fender, fell first into a brown study, and secondly, into a doze. My "brain was troubled with thick coming fancies." Cloaks and mantles, in endless variety and most tormenting confusion, floated before my "mind's eye." Gradually my dream assumed a more comprehensible shape. I seemed to stand in the middle of a large room, or shop, or warehouse, for with vision like indistinctness, it partook of the semblance of all three. It was hung round entirely with every kind of *cloak* which the ingenuity of man or woman ever invented. There was the *pallium* of the ancient, and the *capote of the modern Greek, the toga* of the Roman, the poncho of the South American, the gay mantle of scarlet and yellow plumage worn by the New Zealander, and the shapeless fur coverings of the stolid inhabitants of Lapland and Kamschatka, the *roquelaure* of the last century, the plaid of the mountain Gael, the ermined robe of royalty, and the red cloak of the itinerant apple vender, not to mention those now sported by the lifeguardsman, the Bond street lounger, the banker's clerk, the haberdasher's apprentice, the lady and the lady's maid. Amongst the earlier specimens, I recognized many which had been the absolute property of bygone heroes and philosophers, and I gazed with much interest on the blood stained robe of Cæsar, and the tattered mantle, through the holes of which Plato discovered the pride of Diogenes.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." I was still in the same room; but the relics of antiquity and the refinements of modern luxury had vanished, and their places were supplied by other cloaks and mantles, to each of which was affixed a label bearing its particular denomination. I was on the point of turning to inquire of a bye-stander if they were exhibited for sale, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the clamour of many voices, and the rush of a considerable number of persons into the warehouse. Males and females of every rank and description, statesmen, lawyers, physicians, ecclesiastics, merchants, soldiers, maids, wives and widows, all wanted *cloaks*. The walls were stripped in an instant—the master of the shop and his assistants were hurried and worried almost out of their wits, so great was the demand, so impatient were the customers. A candidate for a seat in parliament seized a cloak, marked "Patriotism;" and anticipating his privilege, ran off without paying for it. A hoary-headed libertine slipped on another, marked "Religion;" those labelled "Charity, Honesty and Toleration," were speedily purchased by a purse-proud citizen, a usurer, and a jesuit; that of "Modesty," by a cast-off mistress, and of "Veracity," by a projector of new joint stock companies; to be brief, every one chose a cloak of some sort or another, and seemed indifferent as to the expense, provided its colour was the very reverse of the dress they wore under it. "I must have one myself," exclaimed I. "Pinch for it afterwards as I may, I can no longer withstand the temptation. I will not be the only person in the world without a cloak;" and I hurried up to the master of the shop, expressing my fear that he had none left which would suit me. I was soon undeceived, however by his displaying fresh and apparently inexhaustible stores of similar garments: and with all the bustle and volubility characteristic of the slop-selling inhabitants of Hollywell-street, Hemming's-row, Cranbourne alley, &c., he heaped mantle after mantle on my back, till I was ready to sink under the burden, commending all the while the formation of this, the quality of the other, and assuring me that he knew many authors (for, with the shrewdness natural to his tribe, he had guessed my profession at a glance,) who had made considerable fortunes merely by publishing their works under a cloak. In vain did I implore him to desist—his shopmen followed his extraordinary example—I waxed warm—warmer—the heat became excessive—stifling—I perspired like the fat single gentleman in Colman's excellent song—and well I might, for waking with the efforts I made to extricate myself from this mountain of mantles, I found myself within a poker's length of the fire, large and fierce enough to roast an ox. My "witch" had suffered the fate anciently allotted to witches, and perished in the flames, which now were roaring up the chimney; I pushed back my chair with a "phew!" relieved the solitary candle behind me of about two inches of wick, and opening my desk, wrote and dispatched the following note to my tailor.—

"Mr. ——— will be obliged by Mr. Twill's making him a cloak as speedily as possible. Mr. ——— begs it may be made full enough to cover and conceal his ordinary, that is, a multitude of *bad habits*, and handsome enough to wear upon any occasion, as it is only by his *own fireside* that he shall venture to sit without it, and indeed not then if company be expected."—*European Mag.*

LORD BYRON.

We are rejoiced that so able and judicious a man as Thomas Campbell is willing to advocate the cause of the much injured Byron. The following article, extracted from the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, is highly credible to the heart and mind of the writer. It shews that though the poet's faults were great, his excellencies were greater; and that those writings of Byron which have been so long considered as the advocates of infidelity, are replete with the purest maxims of virtue and goodness. We are glad that the *Don Juan* has been divested of its impurities; for a nobler poem was never written. It ought to be in the hands of every lover of poetry.—ED. EM.

"The beauties of Don Juan: including those passages only which are calculated to extend the real fame of Lord Byron.

We regret that a crude, hasty, and superficial account of this publication found its way into our last number, from having escaped the editor's accustomed revision of the critical department. We avail ourselves of the appearance of its second edition to do justice to the object and spirit of this selection, as well as to its tasteful execution.

We fully agree with the selector in lamenting that "Don Juan," by many reckoned the *chef d'œuvre* of Byron, and certainly one of the most beautiful poems in our language, should, from the unpruned luxuriance and versatility of the poet's powers, remain a sealed volume to the fairer portion of the community, or, at least, that it should contain passages which the guardian of youth and innocence would not be willing to put into their hands. In echoing this regret, we protest against being included either in the circle or precincts of those revilers of Byron, whose watch-word is the phrase of "*his Satanical school*," and who in their piety would debar his monument from consecrated ground.—There are passages in Shakspeare which no well-bred man would read aloud to a female audience—many more such there are in Dryden—and a whole scene has been long ago expunged from Otway's finest tragedy, which, if genius were to be tried by such packed and puritan juries, would have been deemed quite enough to excuse our grief for that exquisite dramatist having died of hunger. Still, whilst we coincide with the collective liberal opinion of the present, as it will be, that of the future age, that the true poetry of Byron incalculably more than atones to society for its objectionable points, and leaves it deeply his debtor—we hold it neither cant nor puritanism to wish that he had revelled less freely in sensual allusions, and dashed the sunshine of his glorious pictures with fewer shades of misanthropy. As the Flamen of Liberalism, he ought, like Milton, to have kept his fillets above impurity. "It was with a view to obviate this disadvantage (says our Selector) as well as to secure to the noble author that just proportion of well-earned fame, of which neither the eccentricities of genius, nor the exuberance of youthful feeling, ought to deprive him, that the present selection has been undertaken." In this sense, we make so free with our gallant friend, the Selector, as to say that we think he has described a twofold object when one would have served. The fame of Byron is a word of high import; and meaning, as he well knows himself, no disparagement to the taste and good feeling with which he has executed his task, we imagine neither criticism, nor selection will, either in one way or another, much affect the fame of the noble poet. Very true, "Don Juan," is not exactly the book which a boarding-mistress would put into the hands of her pupil; but does this circumstance really clip much from the wings of his fame? possibly it rather gains him secret readers. By no means would we insinuate that any of those eccentricities, beneath the level of his genius, can really gain him fame; but only that he gains it in spite of them. His pathos and dauntless fiction flash and blaze on the public mind without the intervention of electric conductors.

But has our friend done no service to the public by this selection? Yes, we think he has done a material service. He has, with great tact and judgment, brought forward, and given a harmonious juxta-position to those passages in "Don Juan" which we should proffer to the delicate, and wish to put into the hands of the young, the modest, and the ingenuous, that they may taste in those passages what is great, inspiring, elevated, and touching in Byron's poetry, simply, and by itself. The excessive burlesque that neutralizes pathos is omitted, and so are the satiric allusions, and the stern and sudden bursts of misanthropy, that ridicule the emotions which his genius has inspired, and which, though innocuous to adult minds, are by no means the first impressions which we should wish poetry to make on the hearts and imaginations of the inexperienced.

We subjoin the following remarks on Lord Byron's "Cain," by the Selector:—

"There are those who find in Cain only a tissue of impiety. The editor sees in it a sublime moral lesson, founded on the truths transmitted to us in Scripture. Let us examine it calmly, and approach it with that freedom from prejudice, which is, in fact, the beginning of wisdom.

The desire of knowledge is excellent in itself, so long as it is confined to those principles and things which are placed advisedly within our limits. When it would cope with immortality; when it would raise the veil that separates eternity from life; when it would penetrate the mysteries of that Great Intelligence, who, for wise reasons, has shrouded himself in darkness, and to whom 'the sun is even as a shadow,' then does the mind of man recoil upon itself, and have in its own littleness a source of discontent, dissatisfaction, and mortification.

"The moral which Cain conveys is, the necessity of bounding our pretensions to the scope of our *finite* faculties. It tells us to adore the Great Creator in His works; to rest satisfied with the subordinate part allotted to us in His system; to be assured that every thing He has ordered, is for the best; and to repose ourselves with humble confidence in His goodness and His power. It teaches us to adore what we *do* understand, to reverence what we do *not*, and to put that entire faith in the Author of the Universe, which is necessary to reconcile our *finite* views with the great objects of *universal* benevolence and knowledge.

"The character of Cain is perfectly in nature.—It presents the picture of an ill-regulated and daringly-inquiring mind (for all inquiries that lead us to doubt the wisdom and the goodness of the Deity are ill-regulated and unhallowed,) and shows the consequences that must inevitably spring from dwelling perpetually, with a diseased and morbid contemplation, on the ills of life, without ever seeking solace in its enjoyments.

"Cain sees only the lightning flash, and hears only the thunder roll. He forgets that by these the lazy elements are scourged to action, and purified from pestilence, and that the earth, the air, the skies, are all revivified, and put forth fresh charms of splendour and of beauty.

"Cain is sick at heart—he judges only of things present, with his *finite* powers of observation.—He seeks the dark and the mysterious future; and thwarted in the aspirations of his lofty spirit, his soul recoils upon himself, and from a doubter of the goodness of the Deity, he becomes, alas! a braver of his power. And yet there are a thousand excellencies in Cain's nature. It is true, the unbounded thirst after forbidden knowledge, gives an *immortal* grandeur to his character—but it is grandeur still, and we sympathise with the spark that fires to things unknown, and 'jumps the world to come,' in spite even of ourselves.

"Let our very sympathy serve as a guard to our presumption! For who is there that has known sorrow, who does not feel inclined to say with him, 'Wherefore was I born? Why was this breathing being, so sentment to calamity, prodigally unasked upon me, only to make me wretched? I am sick of all that dust has done unto me—henceforth let me dwell in shadows!'

"Who can look upon his love for Adah and his child, without feeling his whole heart overflow with tenderness? And who can see him bending over the dead body of Abel, (slain, be it remembered, in the very gust and whirlwind of his passions, and amid the invaded tumult of his subjugated and sorely-tempted soul,) or listen to his deep and beautiful lament, without feeling that remorse and penitence from the connecting link between humanity and heaven? How inexpressibly affecting is that passage, where he says (addressing himself to the bleeding corse,) 'Farewell! I must not, dare not touch what I have made thee! My branded heart refuses me the comfort of composing thy sweet limbs into the grave!'

"And Adah's love for him! How pure, how perfect, how ineffable! When she clasps her brother's murderer to her bosom, and says, 'Nay, speak to me—*to me—thine own!* I will not leave thee Cain! I will not leave thee! though God himself should leave thee!'

"This is the truest pathetic, enobled by the highest sublime, for it is the sublime of woman's tenderness and virtue.

"Nor let us fear that heaven averts the face from such a picture. No, heaven, which scans all hearts, looks down with gracious eye on this all pure abandonment, and in Adah's love sees only the intense reflection of its own benevolence.

"But to recur to the moral of this production. Observe the simple piety of Adam; the pastoral purity of Abel; the mild and star-like innocence of Adah; the resignation of Eve; (we speak of her first appearance in the drama, and before her awful malison is pronounced upon her unhappy offspring.) Listen to the prayer of thanksgiving, which rises up to the Creator in the morning, and to the evening hymn, which ascends to heaven's gate ere it be night. Mark the content and peace which spring up in the human heart from the exercise of these duties; and, above all, from the perfect reliance they inculcate in the wisdom and goodness of the Creator.

"Reverse the picture now.—Behold the mind of Cain hardened by the too close contemplation of evil, till it loses sight of good. In vain for *him* the sun shines, and the earth puts forth her vegetative beauty. Pride and self-will have taken possession of his heart; and the daring ambition of coping with his Maker, in pursuit of unlawful knowledge, has poisoned all the springs of moral and intellectual enjoyment.

"The passage from this state of feeling to the commission of crime is one of short transition.—For what control remains over the intractable energy of the passions, when reverence for the Deity, which is the foundation of all moral restraint, is once removed? In the character of Cain, we see prefigured the type of our own weakness. Let his fall chastise the insolence of Philosophy, and instruct us in the humility of Wisdom!

"It is in the temper of mind above described, and beset by all the lurking dangers which attend on overweening confidence and bold presumption, that Cain is found by Lucifer. The argument *he* uses, are the natural arguments that occur to every man who thinks, and lead to the same consequences; 'unless such thoughts be regulated by faith in God's mercy, and a humble dependence on his power.' They lead, first of all, to doubt the wisdom of the Creator; next his goodness. In this doubt lie hid ten thousand deaths; it is the canker-worm of life's best and fairest blossoms; it consumes our happiness with a perpetual and *living* death, as the vulture which preyed upon Prometheus; and what is worse, it denies even the grave its solace, and takes from our very tombs the expectation of repose:

"It is that settled ceaseless gloom,
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore;
That will not look *beyond* the tomb,
But cannot hope for peace *before!*"

"For the rest, Lord Byron is no more responsible for the arguments of Lucifer, than Milton is for the rebellion of Satan. He only *appears* so, because the arguments of Lucifer, abstractedly considered, are *unanswerable*, and can only be met by that perfect sense of our own ignorance, and that entire and unqualified faith in the wisdom and mercy of the Deity, which sublimes the very frailties of our nature, and lifts us on the wings of Infinity and Omnipotence, beyond the reach of evil and the grave!"

Without pledging ourselves to agree in abstract opinion with every one of the above remarks, we recognise in them a fervid feeling of poetic beauty, and would almost say of the gallant soldier who wrote them, that "he is a poet out of livery."

KEEP OUT OF THE KITCHEN.

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."—*Gray.*
"You are too inquisitive."—*Paul Pry.*
"*Curiosity* caused the expulsion of our first parents from paradise."—*Somebody else.*

In our college-days, we once strolled into the kitchen of the great hall, being "naturally curious" to learn how cooking was managed on a scale so extensive as to meet the wants of some two hundred students. It was a quarter of an hour before breakfast, and an enormous kettle, filled with coffee (as it was denominated,) hung gloomily over the fire. As its contents boiled and bubbled, we observed ever and anon some dark substance, evidently too large to be a grain of coffee, rising to the surface, and instantly ducking down, as if its deeds were evil. What was it?—Of that very same liquid in fifteen minutes we were to partake; we were to persuade our palate that it was *bona fide* coffee, despite of all insinuations that it was made of poplar leaves and damaged rye. What could that mysterious black substance be? Was it a sturgeon, or a negro's head, or a stick of wood, or a stove pipe? The question was one of great personal interest—curiosity took the alarm—our evil star had provided a cane—we plunged it in the boiling ocean before us, and raised to the fair light of the laughing morn, an *old hat*. Heavens! what a discovery—even now we tremble at the horrid recollection.

In a few minutes we were in the breakfast hall, carrying the hat on the cane's point. There were our classmates masticating, with all their might, the toughest bread in Christendom, and pouring down their devoted throats, cup after cup of that infernal beverage. [Reader, permit *us* to become *I* for a few minutes. *We* sounds so outlandish in a dialogue.] I took my place next to my friend Frank Stanley.

"Frank, what are you drinking?"

"Coffee."

"Will you take your oath of *that?*"

"What the deuce do you mean?"

"I have been in the kitchen—I have made a terrible discovery—put down your cup, for mercy's sake!"

[Here the whole table caught the alarm—"speak out, speak out," resounded on all sides.]

"Fellow-Juniors, you fondly imagine that you have been drinking coffee—no such thing—you have been drinking HAT-*soup*—here is the HAT itself—[holding up the still reeking and horrible mass, which had been boiled into a polygon]—five minutes ago I fished this out of the coffee-kettle!"

That same Junior Class was composed of as many reckless dare-devils as were ever congregated under one roof—they cared nothing for thunder-claps, or stages in the process of being capsized—they had once set at defiance all the militia of ——— county; but this discovery was too much for them—every one appalled, and they all left the room muttering execrations.—That night the cook was tarred and feathered, and rode on a rail, and the keeper of the hall was burnt in effigy. I never took another cup of college-coffee.

The story has its moral. Curiosity, which kicked Eve out of Eden, and sent Doctor Faustus to Old Nicholas (familiarly and endearingly called Old Nick) is as fatal to the physical as it is to the intellectual appetite. The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life—and if we gather the fruit of the former, we lose our relish for that of the latter. Reader, if you are inclined to pinquitude—if you live in an after-dinner dread of apoplexy—in three weeks you will be as thin as Cassius, without his "hungry look." But if you wish to enjoy the good things of life, seek not to be too wise, and above all things *keep out of the kitchen!*

So with the stage. The time was when we hung with breathless interest on the mimic scene. But, one fatal night, we went behind the scenes. We took a glass of wine with Virginius, cracked a joke with Appius Claudius, and made our best bow to Virginia, just after the old man had killed her in the market. The charm was broken—the golden chain of imagination was severed--it has never been reunited.—*N. Y. Courier.*

Advertising Wives.—There is a practice which is very general among printers—that of inserting advertisements of a husband, forbidding the public to trust his wife. From long observation we have found, that, in ninety nine cases in a hundred, where a wife has been advertised, the husband is a worthless sot, and the wife a heart-broken and excellent woman. We do not pretend to more sagacity than our neighbours, but we have rarely failed to anticipate the object of a man who offered us such a notice for publication, by his *meaching* appearance, the moment he entered the office. Our invariable rule is to reject such notices, and we believe that other printers, if they reflected on the subject as we have done, would follow our example.—The value received for an advertisement of this description, should not be set in competition with the wounded feelings of an innocent female and her helpless children, thereby inflicted. This subject has presented itself to us particularly at this time, having had occasion the present week to refuse the insertion of two "post-sings," as such advertisements are termed.

Portsmouth Advertiser.

A man lately died for love in a town in Massachussets. A widow woman refused to marry him, and he took arsenic, which despatched him.

A breaking wave is the only thing in nature, which is most beautiful in the moment of its dissolution.

THE EMERALD.

BALTIMORE...SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1828.

AMERICAN POETS AND POETRY.

THE LEGENDARY, VOL. 2.—We have not yet seen this book, but it is spoken of by good judges, as a work creditable to the literature of the country, which will do us honor abroad. This species of literature is calculated to do much good in our young republic of letters; as it brings many minds in contact with each other, which are richly laden with intellectual treasure. Men become better able to judge of their own writings, by seeing them at the side of other men's productions. It is with feelings of pride, that we see so many men of brilliant minds springing up around us; men, whose writings, so far as they extend, would be creditable to any country and to any age; and it is the surest prognostic of our future eminence in literature, that so many are crowding the arena of our Olympia. We have no doubt, that the next twenty years will produce works of poetic genius more particularly, which will be looked back upon among the brilliant productions of the age, and be read and admired so long as our language shall be a vehicle for pleasure and instruction. The idea is not chimerical; for there are now living men, many of whom we are proud to reckon among our friends, whose minds are capable of sustaining themselves in lofty imaginings.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL stands, unquestionably, at the head of our list of Poets, for literary acquirements and glowing imagination,—he possesses a more refined susceptibility of the beautiful, with greater delicacy of taste, than any of our writers; his language is, beside, more copious and energetic. Mr. PERCIVAL's imagination is so exuberant and his fancy so active, that he is too apt, from the wealth of his intellect, to forget that he is writing for immortality---and he will throw off a poem of a thousand or two verses, in as short a time, as would employ an ordinary chirographer to copy them. Yet we find them crowded with beautiful ideas, in dresses as chaste as they are splendid. He is destined to immortalize our literature---Mr. Bryant, as a poet, is remarkable for manly thought, harmonious diction and correct taste---his poems are breathing marbles; solid, beautiful and substantial, Virgilian lyrics; his genius is like the mild sunlight, that beautifies the autumn woods at evening. Then we have HILLHOUSE and HALLECK, men of great power in poetry; the one hurls an occasional thunderbolt at his leisure---the other scatters flowers, thorns and all, in the highway, and amuses himself with the diversified expression of men's faces. Then we have a host of others, of various merit, who are swimming in the poetic atmosphere; to enumerate all of whom would be difficult. There are the MILLENS---MILLER, SPRAGUE, LONGFELLOW, FAIRFIELD, WILLIS, LUNT, CROSBY, and so forth--Not to mention MRS. SIGOURNEY, MRS. HALE, and several other deserving writers, all of whom we intend to notice particularly hereafter.—Each of these writers possesses, in an eminent degree, 'the vision and the faculty divine,' and we believe it to be in the power of either to enrol a name, to live when common things shall be forgotten.

While we are enumerating some of our poets, we would say a word of the school of poetry, which has sprung up, within the last few years, on this side of the Atlantic. Before the re-publication of Wordsworth's poetical works, by Hilliard, Gray & Co. of Boston, every poem that issued from our presses, was filtered down into Byronism,—nothing short of Byron's gloominess would answer; and the consequence was, that our poetry was sickly, through a bad imitation of a great writer. Garrick, at second hand, is bad enough; but Byron is intolerable, in the hands of a serious writer, who, in imitating his original, paints only the obliquity of a shadow. This was a bad state of things; but it was, unfortunately, changed for the worse—Wordsworth's works, very excellent in themselves, set the current of taste in another channel—and the imitators of the great lake poet, left the melancholy pursuits of misanthropy, to babble of green fields, and to dip into the very milk and water part of metaphysics;—blank verse followed freely, and thickly, as the street gutters after a heavy rain-shower—emanating from a heavenly source, to be sure, but becoming very earthly and illucid in their sublunary connexion. John Neal put the finishing touch upon our poetry, by emptying a huge bottle of Leigh Hunt's qualified castalia into the aforesaid currents—so that we have now a half concocted mixture of Byronism, Wordsworthism and Huntism—which form, by no means, a proper compound for poetry. There can be no objection to a writer mingling a little of the style of either of these three poets; by no means;—for a true and perfect style can only be formed, by blending the excellencies of many into one; but then neither should predominate—particularly should they not all be conspicuous. We are inclined to think, that *he* will be the first to secure the applause of after ages, who shall reject the fascinating manners of modern poets, and, in the formation of a style, study the works of past ages. An artist would give more for a Raphael or a Poussin, than for a Sir Thomas Lawrence or a Martin;—for, though the latter charm and dazzle him, he can gaze with more satisfaction and advantage on the former.

In making the foregoing remarks, we were impelled only by a regret, that so much true genius, as our country possesses, should be hampered by the incumbrances, which too great desire for present popularity, and too little regard to after fame, has produced among our poets.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.—A musical language has been invented by Mons. Ludre, of Paris—a report of which was lately printed by the Academy of Belles Lettres. The inventor, in the presence of the Academy, and as they dictated, *spoke* his new language on the violin, *wrote* it in musical terms, and caused it to be translated, on the spot, by a pupil, only eleven years of age.

Mr. Sconcia, of Baltimore, has invented, it is said, a musical *short-hand*, by which any extemporaneous *preluding*, &c. can be taken down. How will he represent a *perfect discord?*

PIANO FORTES.—Ten years ago, no lady that read Waverly, or delighted in Byron, would have been caught playing "Love's Young Dream," on a piano forte of American manufacture. The thing was impossible. It was worse—it was unfashionable. Every drawing room was adorned with a French, a German, or a London piano forte. The griffin's claws and dragon's head, on which these articles of fashionable furniture rested, sprung from the imagination of the English, or the gay French, or the philosophic German. No fashionable creature, of the year 1818, would have endangered her reputation by even thrumming "Yankee Doodle," on a piano of American manufacture. No man of fashion—no dandy with wide inexpressibles, or Wellington boots, could have seen such an *outre* thing, or handed the lady to such an instrument, and survived the shock his delicate nerves and fine senses would have thereby received.

Philosophers say that this world turns round on an axle-tree, or something else. Other things turn round besides the world. The laws of the Medes and Persians are not in force here. Their obligations do not extend to the regions of American ingenuity. We hear every thing, we look at every thing, we examine every thing, in this dirty republic, (as the good society of Europe call it,) and set ourselves *immediately to work, to imitate, to excel, and* to leave foreign invention far behind.

Ten years ago, all our musical instruments were imported from Europe—now, they are all manufactured among ourselves. Ten years ago, one house in the city was in the habit of receiving one hundred and fifty piano fortes a year, for the supply of their customers; now, they only receive occasionally a pattern one to imitate and excel. In the city of New-York, there are, at the present moment, twenty-two piano forte manufacturers, who dispose of eight hundred a year, to the rising generation of spinsters.—*N. Y. Enquirer.*

Some of the finest toned piano fortes we ever heard are made in this city, by Hisky, Huppmann, Newman, and others;—they are generally on the German model, full of richness of tone, and (were it not for the *base* drum they contain,) would, probably, be more durable in our climate, than those of English workmanship.

Mr. Hanna, Professor of the Flute, Boston, has published his first number of the "Flowers of Melody"—The work is highly spoken of, and consists of the most popular airs, arranged with variations and embellishments.

Large Organ.—One of the largest organs in Europe, is now building for the Catholic Chapel, in Moorfields. Its width is to be 19 feet, its height 22 feet, and its depth 10 feet. It will have nine swell stops, eight choir ditto, and thirteen "great organ" ditto, independent of the composition pedals.—*Brit. Trav.*

Noah says of Madame Fearon, that she was in excellent voice and spirits on Saturday, and attracted another most brilliant house. She was decidedly more successful than on the preceding evening, and went through her Italian and English songs with great taste, sweetness and execution.

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM
OF A VERY YOUNG LADY.

I take thine Album's first fair page,
By no dark spot defil'd;
Fit emblem of thy tender age--
Thou fair and blooming child.

Stainless and pure as thy young mind,
Its pages now appear,
Ere yet to fancy's sway resigned,
It claims attention here.

Like thee, all innocently fair,
To mould at other's will;
Like thee, the impress doom'd to bear,
Of future good or ill.

Here let each leaf with care be spent,
That thou, in distant years,
May'st know, thine earliest thoughts were lent
To virtue's smiles and tears.

Let pure affection's glow be there,
And truth's unclouded ray;
Let reason claim her wonted share,
To light thee on thy way.

Lend not to cold misanthropy,
Space for a single line;
Let mirth be innocently gay,
As now that smile of thine.

But let no impious pen, attempt
A jest at Holy Writ—
Show that from such thou art exempt,
And spurn the paltry wit;

Nor in whatever way, command
A laugh at things divine;
For they who make not God their friend,
Can be no friend of thine.

Consistent still, in word and deed,
Let wisdom guide thy choice--
So shalt thou gain the grateful meed,
Of friends' approving voice.

So may thy thoughts harmonious move,
From folly's empire free;
So may thine Album ever prove,
The truest type of thee. ZELIA.

FOR THE EMERALD.

MR. EDITOR—The following pieces, on the same subject, are written by two young ladies, and appear to me to be worthy of a place in the Emerald—If you think so, I am authorized to give you liberty to publish them. One contains the *real* emotions and sentiments of its fair authoress, the other is fiction. Quere—Which is forsaken of her lover, Flora or Augusta? AMICUS.

Go wanderer, go--a long farewell
To love, to hope, and thee!
May blessings mark thy footsteps still,
Nor e'er one pang thy bosom thrill,
In idle thought for me.

Go snatch the wreath that honor gives,
To all who tread her paths--
The blessings share, the patriot proves,
The orbit mark, where virtue moves,
Nor heed thou envy's shafts.

Go, hie thee to a distant land,
In search of wealth and fame;
Be first in every high command;
Pure be thy heart and free thy hand,
And spotless be thy name.

Ah! go--but when thy heart beats high,
When great thy deeds have proved thee;
When friends and fame and hope are nigh,
Then give--ah! give one passing sigh,
One thought to her who loved thee.

And shouldst thou on some distant day,
A gleam of fondness borrow—
And on these flowery banks shouldst stray,
To mark the spot that wraps my clay,
Wilt drop one tear of sorrow? FLORA.

Say--when the rude mountain-blast's thunders astound thee,
And clothe in deep darkness yon myriads of light;
When lonely and sad are the scenes that surround thee,
And earth is enshrouded in double-fold night;

O say—will not thoughts of thy friends then assail thee;
Those friends who were wont in thy sorrows to share;
O wilt thou not sigh for the joys that once hailed thee,
Nor breathe forth a wish that Augusta were there?

Or when by wan sickness and grief thou'st invaded,
Thy form when emaciate, thy heart prest with care,
Thine eyes' dark effulgence with sadness o'ershaded,
Say, wilt thou not sigh that Augusta's not there?

Or if by those far brighter scenes thou art greeted,
Where gaiety rules and invites thee to share;
Where each rising sigh and sad thought has retreated,
Say, say, wilt thou *then* wish Augusta were there?

When on Mississippi's broad banks thou art straying,
Where nature with exquisite loveliness glows;
Where arrayed in magnificence wild, she's displaying
Those charms, which her prodigal hand there bestows.

Enraptured, while viewing the scene that's before thee,
What heart wilt thou find thine emotions to share--
While mem'ry recalls the lost friends who deplore thee,
Say, will she remind thee Augusta's not there?

Away--I'll not nurse the deceitful illusion;
Depart from me hope,--hail congenial despair;
A thought of me now, thou wilt deem an intrusion;
Then go, and where fortune awaits thee, repair.

When cold is this breast as the snows of the mountain,
And this throbbing heart cease with anguish to beat;
When these eyes, that are streaming, are dried to their fountain,
And my tongue has forgot thy loved name to repeat;

Then shouldst thou, when earth, my primeval, receives me,
Revisit this vale, where my tomb will appear;
One tribute I ask,--and canst thou deny me?
Not the wild gush of anguish, but sympathy's tear.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE SWISS GIRL'S SONG.

I love thee for thyself alone;
I love thee for the pride
That flashes from thy falcon-eye,
When thou art by my side.
I love thee for our Switzerland,
Her mountains and her dells;
I love thee for the noble heart
That in thy bosom swells.

And lov'st thou me, my hunter brave?
When climbing fearlessly,
With eye upon the dark chamois,
Then dost thou think of me?
Dost think, that in the vale beneath,
There's one who weeps thee gone;
Who marks her hunter's dauntlessness,
And trembling hears his horn?

Go to the mountain height, my love!
It prides my heart, to see
Thy form upon the icy brink,
Though fearful it may be;
Yet, yet it proves thee brave, and when
Thou'rt on the battle field,
I'd rather kiss thy cold, cold lips,
Than see thy spirit yield. EUSTACE.

FOR THE EMERALD.

TO L. H.

'Tis said I must not love thee now
Another calls thee bride—
And can I soothe this aching brow,
And tame this heart of pride?

It will not and it cannot be,
I loved thee once--I love thee still;
And be the change whate'er in thee,
I can but love in good or ill.

I've bow'd my heart at other shrines,
And taught my lips to breathe of love;
I've roam'd abroad in other climes,
To banish thee—in vain I strove.

Who would not choose the eagle's flight,
When stormy clouds aloft are driven,
And dazzling gleams of living light,
Display the majesty of heaven;

Than rest beneath a quiet sky,
When all around is full of peace,
And stars shine softly out on high,
Like witching smiles, from hearts at ease?

My blood would stagnate in my veins,
To lead a life from passion free,--
And what more stormy feeling reigns,
Than hopeless love, and love for *thee*?

I know that every hope is gone;
That peace is fled, too well I feel--
And passion now is left alone,
To crush the heart it cannot heal.

Well, be it so—I'd not resign,
For all that tamer hearts deem joy,
The mad'ning flame which rules o'er mine,
E'en though it rule but to destroy.

GEDONIO.

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☞ Book and Job Printing, of every description, neatly done at the Emerald office.

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